

MARVEL
27th August 88

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Nº12 38p
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Industries Inc.





Look out! They're here! THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS have braved the stormy seas to set foot on our green and pleasant land, but it seems something has put the dampers on their trip. It's not just the weather that's making them blue as Egon finds that he could be in for a spot of reign! Back in New York, Ray has to suffer a reign of terror when he becomes Trapped in a place no man has gone before — or would want to go again! Only one thing can save him. Find out in issue twelve of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS: Not the fake Ghostbusters, not even the-Bearing-a-Remarkable-Resemblance-to-Ghostbusters, this is the genuine gaggle of ghoul-expelling spook removers — here to save the world, or at least give it their best shot!

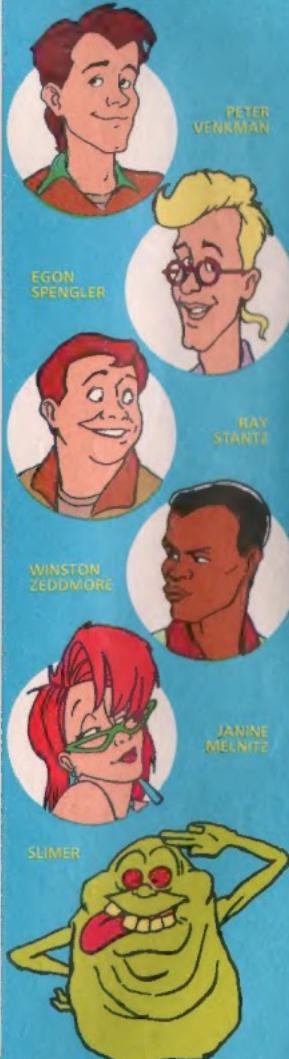
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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



YEAH, EGON'S RIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU HELP ME DO A QUICK PKE* CHECK, PETER. WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET A HEAD START ON THE JOB BEFORE OUR HOST ARRIVES.

YOUR HOST HAS ARRIVED!

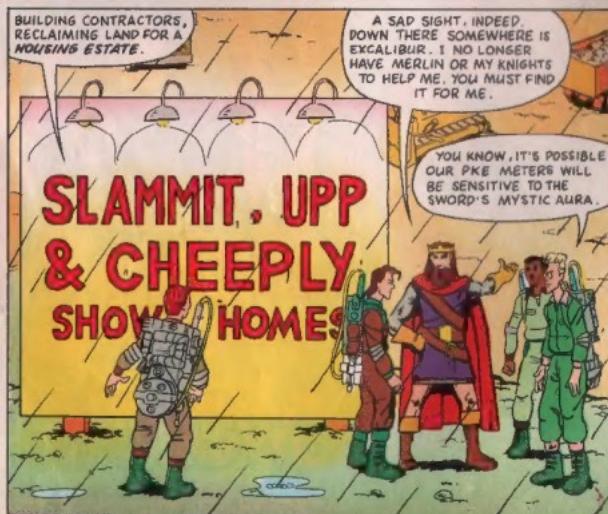
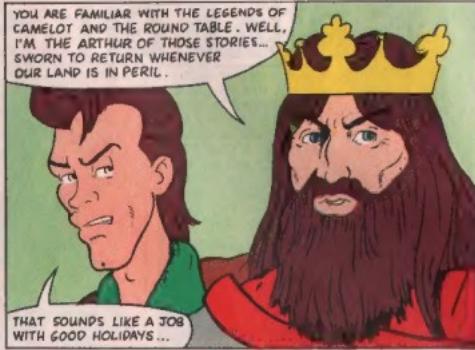


OF COURSE, OR I'D BE A LITTLE WELL-PRESERVED FOR AN EIGHTH CENTURY MONARCH.

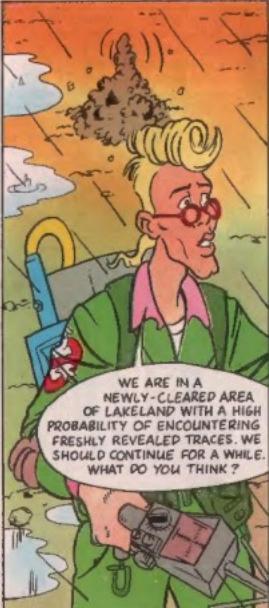
YOU GOT TWO MINUTES TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF, 'MILORD; OTHERWISE I REACH FOR THE PROTON GUN.

NOW I KNOW IT MUST SEEM A LITTLE ODD FOR YOU TO BE HIRED BY A GHOST, BUT I NEED YOUR HELP.

YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE LEGENDS OF CAMELOT AND THE ROUND TABLE. WELL, I'M THE ARTHUR OF THOSE STORIES... SWORN TO RETURN WHENEVER OUR LAND IS IN PERIL.







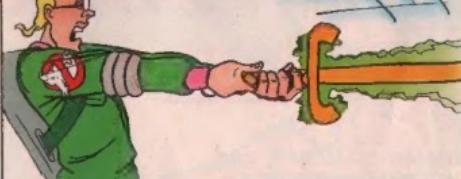




IN THE NAME
OF KING ARTHUR,
BY THE POWER OF
GRANULES,
I BANISH YOU FROM
HERE TO THE
DARKEST PIT OF
PUNISHMENT!
BEGONE,
EVIL ONES!



FASHOOM!



SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

TALISMANS, ICONS AND OTHER MYSTIC ARTEFACTS

Often these can be used by so-called sorcerors to summon, or otherwise control, beings of the Paranormal Dimension.

USES

Amulets and talismans can be put to all sorts of uses. They can focus or store mystic energy, possess or entrap psychic beings, summon or dispel demons, or contain the secrets of the universe. Sometimes they hold nothing more interesting than a recipe for sweet and sour pomegranate.

FAMOUS EXAMPLES

In his book *Amulets: A Detailed Guide and Recipe Selection*, Denzel McAble cites many of the more famous talismans of our world: such things as the legendary sword of King Arthur, *Excalibur* or *Caliburn*, which invests its owner with the Kingship of the Britons, or the sacred Holy Grail which grants the gift of spiritual purity, and of course, Michael Jackson's other glove. Other equally important artefacts are not so well known, so I'll take this opportunity to tell you about them.

THE EYE OF ERGUL

This icon, a sixty carat ice-diamond set in a lattice of lapis lazuli and suspended from a gold chain, was held in reverence for centuries by the Mushkogoths of Slovakovania. It



PART 12

was worn round the neck of their war chieftain as the Mushkogoths rode into battle, and was said to be a protection against saddle-soreness and sinus trouble. In the *Slovakovanian Book of Histories* we may read: "Seven nights after the bataille for Antioch, came forth the Warr Leader Bungo the Vexed, and he raised the eye of Ergul and at once, the sinuses of all were clear. Also there came to them, in a resounding voice, a rather goode recipe for stewed marrow."

CHESNEY'S CITTERN

This ten-stringed guitar-like instrument was the property of Thomas à Chesney, the famous courtly musician of King Henry VIII. It was said to have the property to produce songs and tunes without the touch of a human hand. This power was reputedly responsible for the

composition and performance of Chesney's most celebrated song *The Kinge he is a Fatte Olde Twit* which led to the execution of the musician. The Cittern continued to play by itself for several years and enjoyed considerable solo success with such hits as '*My Lady Stewe the Marrow Thus*', '*Cook me a Pomegranate, Love, For I am Quite Undone*', and many, many more.

MOGO'S TUREEN

This cooking utensil, made of terracotta clay by the natives of the pacific island of Motamoa was said to contain the extraordinary power to self-baste all meats to give that crunchy, home-cooked flavour, and was reckoned to do the best aubergine fricassee this side of Venezuela.

YO CHEW'S WOK

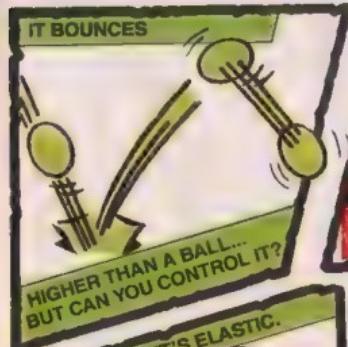
Yo Chew's Wok was a strange cooking bowl discovered in a paddy field near Hanoi by two starving North Korean peasants. When touched, the Wok's amazing powers transfigured the land around to purest gold, ran showers of liquid silver from the sky, bathed the whole place in ethereal light, and a voice asked "Speak, and you shall be told the secrets of the Universe." At this stage, the wok was discarded by the two starving and disgruntled peasants, who had been hoping to find a decent recipe for sweet and sour pomegranate.

THE COOL GREEN BLOB FROM OUT-OF-NOWHERE HITS the City Streets...

Anything could happen

OK MUTANT.
SHOW ME
WHAT YOU
CAN DO.

WATCH OUT
MUTANT'S ABOUT

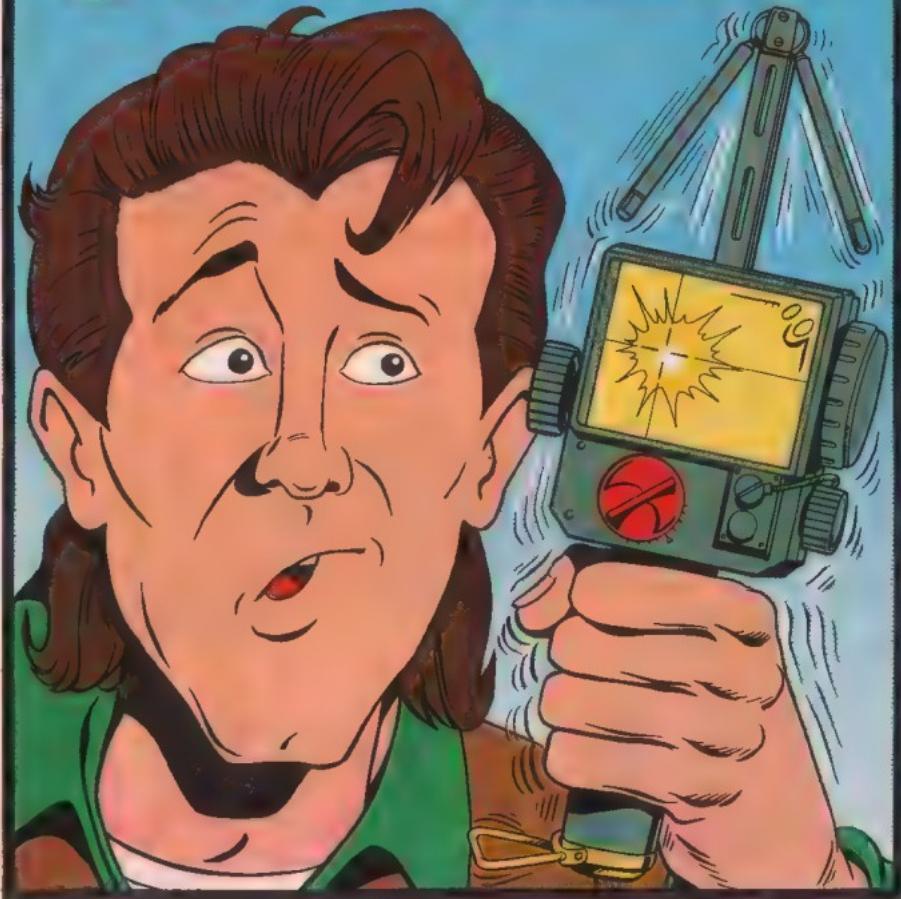


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OUT OF THIS WORLD

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TALES

NIGHTMARE ON SMITH STREET!



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE ELLIOTT

Desirable residence – three floors, facing the river, two bathrooms, kitchen, easy access to station, good condition.

"Okay," said Peter, "but what about the bedroom on the second floor?"

"I was coming to that," said Egon, folding the estate agent's brochure under his arm and pulling out his PKE meter. "Let's see, okay, Peter?" Mr. Herbert, the estate agent, looked nervously at the bleeping device. "You guys want to go in now? I've had this place on the market for six months and no one will touch it with a ten-foot stick because they say it's haunted. You guys go in and clear out the spooks for me, eh? That's what I'm paying you for!"

With practised calm, the two Ghostbusters edged into the hallway of the delapidated old house on Smith Street. With practised calm, Mr. Herbert peered out from between his fingers. "See anything?" he asked.

"I'm getting a low reading from this room," replied Egon, his PKE meter squeaking like a chicken in Colonel Saunderson's pantry." Let's see, okay, Peter?"



They burst into the cloakroom with all the style and grace of the guys from Starsky and Hutch. B-BLINK went the door catch as it flew off onto the floor.

"We will, of course, fix that." Peter told Mr. Herbert. "It was our fault. We did that."

"Look," said Egon, unnecessarily, pointing at the unwholesome and faintly green gremlin manifesting in the corner.

"That spook," Peter informed Egon, "is yesterday's news."

Two proton guns went SKREEEEE-FUMF! as the gremlin was zapped into a trap.

"Interesting," remarked Egon, his PKE meter now doing a fine impression of a cricket on a summer's evening. "In here. . ."

Peter kicked in the door in a ballistic style reminiscent of Rambo. WA-DUNCH! went the door knob, ricocheting off a soup tureen and landing in the sink. 'UH-OH' remarked the boiling vaporous cloud of phantom fumes spiraling from the plug hole. The cloud manifested pointy teeth and huge red eyes in an attempt to look terrifying.

"Look here!" cried Peter, "A class six, pointy-teeth and red-eyed, free-floating, gaseous apparition, unless I'm very much mistaken!"

"Sir," said Egon politely to Mr. Herbert as he and Peter blasted the class six spook into a handy trap, "this spectre will no longer trouble you, and we will of course pay for the door handle."

"Wow," cried Peter, waving his own PKE meter about like a divining rod, "This way. . ." They charged up the stairs, Peter leading the way, Egon after him with two smoking traps, and a flustered Mr. Herbert bringing up the rear.

"Fascinating," said Egon to no-one in particular. "A full-torso, location-based, phantasm!

"Zap it!" instructed Peter, and they did. "We'll pay for the door," he added to Mr. Herbert, who was trying to pick up the pieces.

"Peter!" cried Egon, following his clucking PKE meter like a donkey following a carrot. "In here!"

Peter led the way into the first floor lounge like a member of the SAS visiting a terrorists' coffee morning. SPEEE-THRWACK! went the door handle as it flew across the room and bounced off the far wall. "Golly," said the demon in the room. Eight feet tall, the demon was very ugly and had two curled horns twisting out of his forehead. His eyes flicked in a satanic way and fire crackled around his tongue.

"No doubt about it," said Peter, arming his



proton gun," a fully-manifested, omni-plane infernal being!"

"Class two!" said Egon, blasting with his own gun. The twin beams of light energy crackled around the demon and slowly dragged him into the waiting trap.

"We'll pay for the handle," added Egon, picking up the trap. Mr. Herbert shook his head in bewilderment.

"Hey! Hey!" bellowed Peter already taking the second storey stairs at a rate of four at a time, following his frantically bleeping PKE meter, "This way, Egon... quickly!"

"From the look of this reading," muttered Egon, "we're close to a multi-manifestational cross-rip of considerable proportions."

The second floor hallway was a dark shadowed passage with fraying carpet, lined by doors on either side. All was quiet and tranquil except for a door three along on the left which was pulsating from within and spraying blue, electrical light through its keyhole. The sounds from within resembled the noise of sixty elephants getting down at a laser disco.

"My guess is... in there!" said Peter. "Ahhh... ahhh... a-a-are you sure a-a-

bout going in there. . .?" Mr. Herbert began. Egon and Peter unstrapped their proton blasters for the fifth time.

"Charge 'em up!" said Peter.

"Charged!" yelled Egon, over the whine of his igniting proton gun. "Let's do it!" he and Peter bellowed together and then they kicked open the door. There were a fair number of class three, pseudo-demonic spectres in the room. About three hundred. They were crawling and dancing in a pounding explosive ball of blue light. The two busters zapped the ghouls, and Peter turned and shouted over the noise of the guns to Mr. Herbert. "We will of course make a deduction for the price of the door." Mr. Herbert did not hear because he was lying on the floor in a dead faint next to the ever-increasing stack of full ghost traps.

When Mr. Herbert came round, they had finished - sort of. Egon said: "We've cleaned out this second floor living room. They won't be bothering you again."

"What about that haunted bedroom, though?" asked Peter.

Egon re-charged his gun. "I was coming to that," he said.

DEEP IN THE CONGO IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE

THE LEOPARD HAD A PARTY
BUT HE MADE A REAL BUNGLE

UM BONGO

AS ALL HIS FRIENDS, THE ANIMALS
ARRIVED WITH LOTS TO DRINK HE REMEMBERED...

I HAVE
GOT NO CUPS
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO THINK!

LOOK
UP
HERE!

THE MONKEY CRIED, FROM
UP THERE IN THE TREES

WITH HIS
FREE NEW
TUMBLERS
THE PLACE
BEGAN TO
SWING

FREEEEE!

THANKS OF COURSE, TO MONKEY
AND ONE IMPORTANT THING

UM BONGO! UM BONGO! THEY DRINK IT IN THE CONGO!



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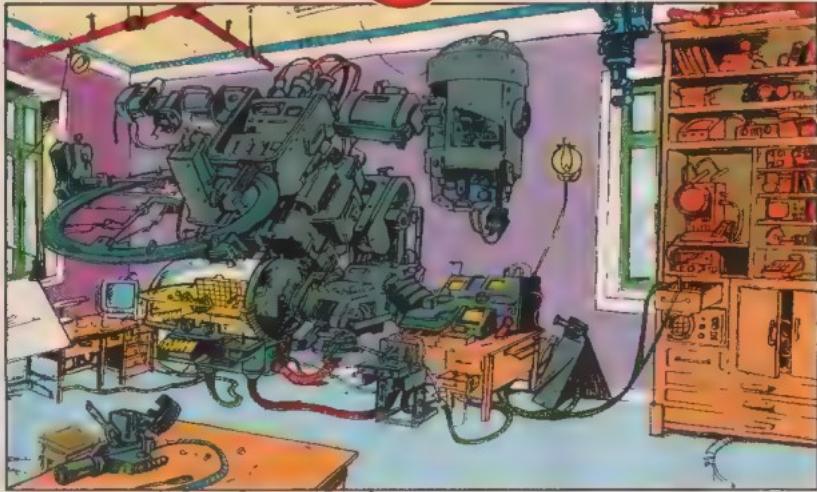


EGON'S



LABORATORY

Dominating the third floor of Ghostbusters HQ, Egon's lab is dedicated to research and development using the strange and complicated gadgetry that is installed there. It is from the lab that the blueprints for new inventions emerge and complex solutions are found, without which the serious business of busting ghosts could not continue. As is the case with most dedicated scientists, Egon spends the majority of his time in his lab, especially as it is home to his one true love – his spore, mould and fungus collection!



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

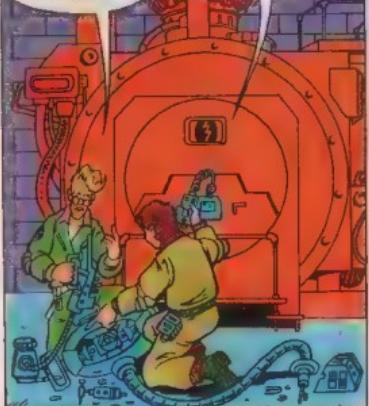
IN THE BASEMENT OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS' HQ...

IT'S SOOD OF YOU TO HELP ME, RAY. THESE MODIFICATIONS AND REPAIRS WOULD HAVE TAKEN ME AGES TO DO ALONE.

NO PROBLEM, EGON, BUT WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE DOING?

BY INCORPORATING THIS TACHYON INDUCE-MENT RELAY, I CAN INCREASE THE CAPACITY OF OUR ECTO-CONTAINMENT UNIT, ALLOWING US TO STORE MORE GHOSTS.

WOW! SAY, I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE IN THERE. I, MEAN, ALL THOSE GHOSTS WE'VE CAUGHT...



STRANGE. SOME SORT OF ELECTRON BUILD-UP IS OCCURRING...

RAY! STAND BACK! THE TACHYON RING IS FEEDING BACK!

OOOOEEER!



HE'S GONE!
HE'S BEEN SUCKED INTO THE CONTAINMENT UNIT. WE'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE HERE!



SHORTLY...

...THE FEEDBACK MUST HAVE LOCKED ON TO RAY'S SPECTROSCOPIC CODING AND TRAPPED HIM AS IT WOULD A GHOST.

HE'S IN THAT THING? WE HAVE TO GET HIM OUT!

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, JANINE. WE CAN'T JUST OPEN THE UNIT AND PULL HIM CLEAR, RIGHT, EGON?

RIGHT, WINSTON. OPENING THE UNIT WOULD RELEASE ALL THE SPOOKS AND CAUSE A SPECTRAL DISASTER OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS.

BUT WE MUST DO SOMETHING!



OF COURSE WE MUST... NOW THEN... IF WE COULD ONLY IDENTIFY RAY'S SPECTROSCOPIC CODE, WE COULD PULL HIM OUT BY REVERSING THE POLARITY OF THE NEUTRON FLOW. BUT TO DO THAT WE'D HAVE TO GET NEAR HIM AND TAKE A READING...

I'LL GO IN AND FIND THE SUCKER! GIMME THE TOOLS MAN. AND I'LL...

NO WAY, WINSTON. WE CAN'T RISK ANOTHER GHOSTBUSTER!

IT'S JUST TOO DANGEROUS. WE'RE NOT ATTUNED TO THE SPIRITUAL VORTEX IN THERE. IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEONE WHO COULD...

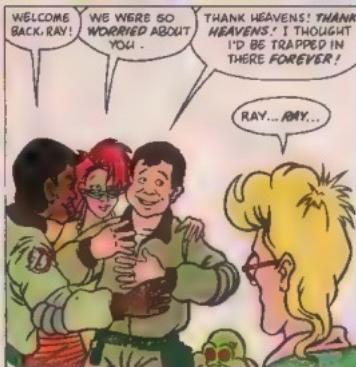


...OF COURSE 'SLIMER'

ODDWHM.
UH-OH.







HOST WRITING!



Hi there! Here's another chance for you to call Ghostbusters and find out all you ever wanted to know about spooks, spectres and nasty pools of slime!

Dear Peter . . .

I have some questions:

1. Why is Ecto-1 not part of the Ghostbusters' body?
2. Who is Dana?

—Jennifer Lee, Suffolk

1. If Ecto-1 was part of the body, it would be a very strange body indeed! Seeing us as part of the body was a way of describing our characteristics, and although our car has a whole personality of its own, it is still mechanical and therefore would have to be something like 'roller skates'. Pretty silly, eh?
2. Dana is the most beautiful, wonderful woman I know! Swoon, I'm in love!

1. Why do Egon's specs keep changing colour?
 2. Why isn't Dana Barrett ever seen in the comic?
 3. Why are you and Slimer always fighting over food when it can be shared?
- Timothy Green, Sheffield

Interesting Questions, Timothy. 1. It's simple, Egon has more than one pair of specs! If he only had the one pair and they got broken while we were out on a bust, he'd be in serious trouble! Anyway, a change is as good as a rest. 2. She's just too gorgeous! What is it with questions about my love life? Gee, it's almost as bad as Egon and Janine! 3. Would you eat food that Slimer had touched?

Could you tell Egon that we all know he likes Janine and that by denying it, it just shows how much he really does care! Anyway he's got his arms around her in a couple of the comics!

—Deborah White,
Staffordshire

I told him, Deborah, and he said your theory is 'most unscientific'. Then he closed his lab door and went back to his fungi, but don't worry, I'm sure the message will get through eventually!

- Please could you ask Janine these questions:
1. How long have you been the Ghostbusters' secretary?

2. Do you ever get bored with your job?
 3. Do you like Slimer?
 4. Are you free on August 10th?
- Wayne Cavanagh, Essex

Hi, Wayne, I gave Janine your letter and here are her replies (she even typed them for me):

1. I've been with the Ghostbusters ever since they set up business, although I can tell you, I almost didn't stay more than a week when I found out how hectic things were and the infrequency of my pay cheques, but after all they're a lovable bunch, so I've been here ever since. 2. Are you kidding? How could this job be boring! 3. Of course I like Slimer. It worries me the way that Peter is so keen to bust him, poor little mite. I think Slimer is quite sweet—as long as he keeps his slimy mitts to himself. 4. Are you asking me for a date?

Why have you got such an old fashioned hairstyle? You act so cool and think you can handle all the girls, but let's face it, you're going bald! Wouldn't it be better to hide it by sticking Slimer on your head! Sorry, Slimer.

—Matthew Prentice,
No-fixed-abode

Sorry Slimer? SORRY SLIMER? I am NOT going bald, and even if I were, there's no way I'd use that ectoplasmic gunk-ball as a toupee! My vanity is seriously wounded here!

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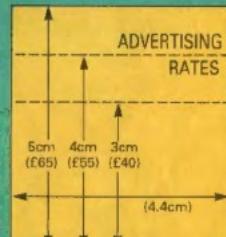
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WC2



Why did the cyclops fight?
Because they couldn't see eye-to-eye!
— Ben Collins, Kent

What do you find in
warehouses?
Warewolves!
— Anon, No fixed abode

What do you call a haunted
wigwam?
A creepy teepee!
— Darryl Lamb, Co. Antrim

In which supermarket does the
food drive Slimer mad?
Insane-sburys!
— Ben Simmons, Dartford

Why couldn't the skeleton do
his work?
Because he had no brains!
— Alexander Tegg, Dartmouth

What is Slimer's favourite pop
star?
Slimey Fisher!
— Andrew Taylor, Cheshire

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

GALAXY RANGERS 8 Foxx and the Rangers go up against the might of the Crown Empire in *Jewel in the Crown*, plus news of the mysterious fate of Shane Gooseman!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 12 The Ghostbusters find themselves crossing the Atlantic to England this issue to face The Sword and the Spirit.

TRANSFORMERS 179 Optimus Prime and Sky Lynx battle side-by-side against the deadly menace of Big Top.

DRAGON'S CLAWS 3 The Claws are sent out to Channel City, in the arid desert that lies between Greater Britain and the remains of France, in order to break up an army of ex-Game players who have been brought together by the mysterious character known as the High Father. Heroes' Welcome!

FLINTSTONES AND FRIENDS 9 More Stone Age fun with the Flintstone family, plus explosive action with Huckleberry Hound — who finds himself promoted to sheriff in *High Noon Hound!*

THUNDERCATS 75 The fantastic finale of *Bad Playmates*. The Thundercats struggle to free the captive Wilykit and Wilykat! Also featured is a fantastic cut-out plan of the Cat's Lair, plus, all the usual fun and adventure!

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE 140 What is the source of the distress signals emanating from the Planet Ryos? Who is the miserable salvage expert and what is the significance of the vulture that accompanies him? Why is the Doctor being pursued by savages? Find out in this issue's strip story, *Keepsake*, by Simon Furman and John Higgins. Plus all the usual features and a fantastic poster offer!

ON SALE NOW!

Mr Rose

ARCADE!

FIRST AID!

SPORT AID!



NEXT ISSUE

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER'S ROAD SAFETY

S
L
I
M
E
R



NEVER FLY OUT FROM
BEHIND PARKED CARS...



ESPECIALLY
AT NIGHT!



DO IT WHERE MOTORISTS
CAN SEE YOU CLEARLY...



AAAAGGHH!



IT PAYS TO
USE THE GREEN
GHOST CODE!